The People's Advocate.

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Perfect Trust.

My boat is on the sea
  Which storms and tempests toss;
I know not of the ills to meet
  Before I get across.

I do not know how long or short
  The fitful voyage may be;
But patient I'll abide His time
  Who built the boat for me.

'Tis fully manned in every part,
  Hope is the anchor fair;
The compass that it has is Faith,
  And every oar

Sometimes I see the breakers nigh,
  The ocean madly roars
But all I do is simply this—
  Bend closer to the oars.

At times the waves run mountain high
  And threaten me to strand;
I fear not, for He holds them in
  The hollow of His hand.

The fog at times obscures my course,
  I see the way but dim;
But well I know I cannot drift
  Beyond the sight of Him.

I know not where the shoals may lie,
  Nor where the whirlpools be,
It is enough, dear Lord, to feel
  That they are known to Thee.

And thus content I glide along,
  If either slow or fast,
Well knowing He will bring
  Me safe to port at last.

ONLY A ROSE-BUD.

Margaret Radnor stood before the mirror drawing a scarlet ribbon round her collar and fastening it with a bow in front. You would have thought she was wasting precious time over a very small thing, but she was really paying not the slightest attention to the manner in which her hands were employed, but was intent upon a conversation going on near her between her mother and a visitor.

"What has become of your aunt, Mrs. Radnor; that handsome old lady who used to live here in so much style? I have not seen her now in two or three years."

"My aunt? Oh, you mean Aunt Elenor," replied Margaret's mother. "She lost nearly all her property about a year ago, and having nothing left but a place called Linwood, about ten miles out, she went there with her brother to live. The estate is a very fine one, and the house furnished luxuriously; but now those two old people live there with no society whatever. I sometimes wonder how Aunt Elenor manages to live so, for she is very fond of society; but I imagine," with a laugh, "she is not able to do anything else."

"Do you never go there?"

"No, not now; I did at first, but it was very lonely; and after Margaret came home from school, I had the excuse that we saw a great deal of additional company, and so I could not leave home."

"I remember her as a very lovely old lady."

"Oh! she is, very; so stylish, and all that sort of thing. She sends us most tempting fruit sometimes, which is quite good, as we never go there."

The conversation branched off upon other subjects after this, and Margaret, excusing herself, left the room. "She was going out to a party this evening," she said, "and there were various preparations to be made."

All the rest of the day, turning over muslin, and lace, and silk, she thought of the conversation she had heard, and as the hours flew by she laid her plans.

When she came down, by-and-by, in the evening, in her full dress, with her white cloak over her arm, she said to her mother:

"I am going to-morrow, to see my Aunt Elenor."

"Margaret, you are wild," said her mother, in despair. "Why need you go just now, when you have engagements every evening this week and next? Wait a few weeks."

"Now or never, mamma," replied Margaret, shaking her head.

"What will Mr. Thornton say, Maggie?" asked her mother, urging her last and strongest plea.

"There he is now," replied Margaret, evading the question, and rising with a brighter bloom upon her cheek to welcome her escort, who came forward as if the sight of her was a most welcome one.

The mother, meantime, thinking the evening's pleasure, with the prospect of others in the same company, might dispel Margaret's visions of Linwood, said nothing further; but, in a very motherly way, wrapped Margaret's cloak about her, and bade Mr. Thornton "take good care of her."

His "I will try," in answer, said enough, even for the mother's pleasure.

"I hope I shall see you at our house on Thursday," said Mr. Thornton, as they drove home after the party. "You received cards, I believe?"

"Yes," replied Margaret, hesitating, "but I must decline. Tell your mother I very much regret it, for I am going out of town on a visit to my aunt."

"Not to remain long, I hope," he said.

"I do not know. Probably not more than three or four weeks."

He looked as if he would have said something more, but he did not; and his "good-night and good-bye" at the door was spoken very gravely.

"You are not offended that I must decline your mother's invitation for Thursday?" asked Margaret, with a little tremor at her heart.

"Do not think so for a moment," he returned, earnestly, taking her hand again: "I was only very sorry that you were going away."

Margaret went up stairs, feeling very sorry likewise, but a night's sleep did her good, and she arose very well pleased to think that the evening would find her at Linwood. She busied herself all the morning with her packing; and then, just before she was ready, she found her way down town, and bought two or three new books and some delicate laces for her aunt, articles which she knew were longed for, but beyond the means of the dwellers of Linwood.

The stage set her down at the gate just before dark, and she could see the light of her Aunt Elenor's lamp gleaming brightly down through the ice-laden trees of the lawn, and over the snowy ground. It gave her a cherry welcome. There had been but few tracks upon the snow from the gate to the house, but Margaret stepped carefully and succeeded in reaching the steps without getting wet.

Her ring brought a woman-servant to the door, who, in answer to her inquiry, led her to the room from which she had seen the light, and ushered her in. Her aunt, a dignified, noble-looking old lady of sixty, with soft, gray curls drooping about her face, sat under the lamp reading, while her brother smoked in an easy-chair and listened.

Margaret advanced as her aunt rose.

"Auntie," she said, "I've come to see you. Are you glad to have me?"

"I think," said her aunt, in reply, seizing her and kissing her between the words, "I never was so glad to see anybody in all my life!"

"Maggie, you have come like flowers in springtime," said her uncle, taking her as her aunt released her.

Margaret felt the welcome from the bottom of her heart, and as she took her seat between the two, and looked from one admiring face to the other, she felt as though she had come to a haven of rest. She said something to the same effect the next morning, when Aunt Elenor had drawn her from the library into the conservatory, and was putting leaves and roses into her hands. Something about the perfume of the heliotrope reminded her of her last evening at home.

'Auntie," she said, "you cannot think what a delightful quiet this is after the turmoil of the past three months. I have been going constantly, and had engagements steadily, but I thought I would come here—"

The sentence ended abruptly, for this noble-minded, unselfish girl had no mind to tell her aunt that the vision her mother had drawn of her lonesome life, had led her to standing just where she did at that moment.

"I hope you will not find it too quiet, love. You may rest assured it is very delightful to have you here."

I cannot tell you what she was to that old couple in the weeks that followed. She sang for them, and read to them in the evening. She played chess with her uncle, and knit warm riding-gloves for her aunt. She arranged dainty dishes of flowers for the table, and made nice little bits of French sweetness in the kitchen.

Maggie was everywhere, and made joy out of everything. It was she who found chestnuts down in the village, and having bought them brought them home, sat down before a great, roaring fire to roast them for her aunt, laughing and springing up as they snapped out from under the ashes. Somehow the evening paper always made its appearance now when the stage came in, and it was Maggie who discovered something new and curious to read aloud.

Fastidious and dainty as Madam De Vere was, Margaret's dress always suited her. She blended colors in a way that rested the lady's eyes when they looked at her. Dress was not thrown aside because she saw no one but the two to whom she was a daily delight. There was no difference between her appearance now and at home, and she most often wore a warm, glowing dress, with glistening trimmings, in which she had been wont to receive Mr. Thornton the evenings when he called. Margaret was very happy. She busied herself for Aunt Elenor all day long. Sometimes she thought she would have liked to spend a day in the library, but there never was time.

One evening, just before tea, she was standing between the heavily curtained windows, looking out at the trees rocking and swinging in the wind, and listening to the sound of the heavy breeze sweeping round the corners of the house. The stage had just gone by, and she was waiting for Aunt Elenor to come in with the evening paper. She was pressing between her fingers the odorous leaves she had just gathered, and thinking of other flowers which had been given her one night early in the winter, when her Aunt's voice roused her.

"My love," she said, "I am even more glad for you than I am for myself."

"For what, auntie?"

"Because, Maggie, the only other person beside yourself who sometimes comes here to make us bright is the son of an old friend of mine, and he writes me to-night that he is about to pop in upon one of his unexpected visits. You will like him, I know, for he is one in a thousand, and for goodness and kindliness of heart I know not a man who is his equal."

"Who is he, auntie?" asked Margaret, who was on her knees before the fire, trying to persuade it to burn brighter.

"His name is Percy Thornton. He is——"

Margaret was on her feet in an instant. "Auntie," she said, hurriedly, "I know him!"

"Do you, my dear? Then you know what to expect. How very pleasant that is. Was not my description correct?"

"Yes, ma'm," replied Margaret, very quietly; but the hot blood mounted into her face, under the smiling, intent eyes of her aunt, and when she was fain to run away, Madam De Vere kissed her, and let her go.

Mr. Thornton did not know what day he should arrive, and so the two who were watching looked every night when the stage came up. Margaret from the window of her room, where she would be out of sight, and Madam De Vere from the library.

But it so happened that on the evening when he did come, Margaret had gone down into the village with her uncle, and Madam De Vere was the only one to welcome him.

"I have my niece stopping with me," said that lady, after she and her guest had been some time chatting by the library fire; "and she has been like sunshine in the house for the last three weeks. I am only wondering what I shall do without her, when she comes to go."

"I was not aware you had a niece," said Percy.

"Yes, Margaret Radnor is my niece—and a choice blessing she is."

Mr. Thornton started, and then said quietly, "I know a Miss Radnor, of Swamley—is it she?"

"Yes, the same one," replied Madam De Vere, with a little amused glance at her guest.

Just then the library door was thrown open, and Maggie, fresh from her walk, with her cheeks all aglow, and her little plumed hat in her hand, ran in toward the fire.

"Auntie, it's cold," she said, and then stopped short, for her hand was taken, and a voice she immediately recognized, said:

"Miss Radnor, this is a very pleasant, unexpected meeting."

Margaret summoned all her wits to the rescue, and then replied very sedately and demurely:

"I did not know you had come, sir. I am very glad to see you here."

"Now come and get warm," said her aunt; but Margaret had recovered from her chill, and ran away without waiting for anything further.

When she returned presently, she was the very essence of what Mr. Thornton had known at Swamley, with an added freshness and sweetness, which he was quick to notice. She had on a soft, dark dress, with no ornament but a little cluster of pearls. But she had been into the conservatory, and there had gathered and fastened in her hair a most superb damask rose with drooping buds. She made a lovely picture, at least to those two who watched her entrance.

"And this was she who had left the gayety of the city to be sunshine for these two old friends of his." Mr. Thornton thought he could understand what sort of sunshine it must have been.

He had free opportunity to judge; and his admiration did not lessen as the days went on, and he saw how she had wound herself around Aunt Elenor's heart, with her thousand delicate acts of affection. She might give him her society, and she did, continually; but if, in any way, her aunt's comfort interfered, she would dismiss him with a word and a smile, which were almost worth her short-time absence to obtain.

"And you came away for this?" he said, one day, as he stood beside her, listening and watching her hands, as they busied themselves with some flowers she was arranging. She had been telling him of some piece of work she and Aunt Elenor had accomplished together.

She understood his meaning, and replied, simply, "Yes, that is the reason, and it has been a great pleasure."

"I wonder what sort of a little bird told me you were here," he said, after a few moments, watching her again as she had risen, and stood toying with a tiny bud she had chosen from the dish of flowers.

"I don't think it was any little bird," she said, smiling, "for you did not know I was here."

"And yet I left the city because I could not stay in it while you were away."

She glanced up quickly at him, then, with flushed cheeks. He came toward her suddenly, and taking her hand in which was the rose-bud, said, shortly and abruptly, half under his breath:

"I want to put this in your hair, because it is so like you; but I cannot, unless with the understanding that both the rose-buds belong to me."

Maggie stood a moment, with a confusion of thought in her face, and then stepped nearer, and he fastened in the rose-bud.

"You were very foolish to leave the city," she said, after a moment.

"Why, Maggie?"

"Because you might have known, that present or absent, my thoughts were often with you."

He carried the two rose-buds off together then, and showed them to Aunt Elenor.

"Well," said Madam De Vere, smiling, with her eyes full of tears, "I only hope, Percy, that she will be to you, for your joint lives, what she has been to me for these few weeks."

Homer, Ill., had a female barber, and instead of whooping around and raising Bob Ingersoll's no-such-place about it, the women quietly raised a purse of $400 and gave it to an old bachelor to marry the shaveress and take her away.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Items.

Skirts are becoming much fuller so as to give more ease in walking.

The combination of rose color with violet lilac is extremely fashionable.

Some of the new mountain costumes are absolutely without any ornamentation whatever.

The kilt skirt and round waist remain the prominent features of mountain suits which are in ordinary use.

Abundance of drapery is the chief aim of the dressmakers at present, where light summer fabrics are concerned.

A multitude of narrow flounces are put on muslin, batiste and gingham dresses, all plaited and mixed with English embroidery.

The more fashionable women wear very simple coiffures, with the coil low in the back, and puffy, but flat front hair, the only ornament being a long low comb.

The dressy pongee ulster is found very useful by ladies who drive. They protect handsome costumes from flying scraps of mud and sand, and are very appropriate.

Pretty evening dresses for young girls are made of white summer cashmere, over which are worn silk tunics and pointed Hungarian waists, laced down the back and cut with very short sleeves.

India mulls or muslins are embroidered with sprays of leaves and with flowers. The plain varieties are trimmed with embroidered batiste. French mulls have thick dots and sprigs executed in Hamburg machine work.

United at Last.

A touching little romance, illustrating wifely devotion, has come to light on Mount Ida, in Ida Co., Ia. Two years ago a comely young lady was accepting the attention of two gentlemen, one the possessor of a fair competence, and the other poor, like herself. Upon the death of her parents the grandmother assumed her control. To please this relative she consented to unite her fortunes with those of the poor young man, who, besides his impoverished circumstances, was a cripple. The more acceptable suitor was nearly crazy. A tempting offer to enter business in New York was refused by him. He declared his intention to be wherever his loved one, then the wife of another, was located. A year after the wedding the husband fell ill. A disease made inroads upon his constitution and poverty stalked in at the door, the young wife was obliged to seek employment in a knitting mill. Recently, after a long illness, in which he was steadfastly attended by his hard-working companion, death brought an end to the poor cripple's existence. During this illness the rejected lover was the contributor of delicacies to the sick, which the patient, with a knowledge of the source from which they came, accepted. A vow that the disappointed gentleman made upon the marriage of his idol to the deceased is possibly attended with prospects of realization. It was that should the accepted one die during the lifetime of the rejected one he would renew his suit. Although the earth over the grave of the dead has hardly settled, an interview has been requested, and two hearts separated by fate will probably be united by love.

The Bohemian Girl.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* writing from Carlsbad says: The Bohemian girl as she appears on her native soil does not look as if she ever dreamt of marble halls, as did the girl of the late Mr. Balfe's opera. She begins life swathed in a stiff pillow to straighten and strengthen her back. Soon after she begins to walk she takes lessons in bearing burdens on this back, and by the time she reaches womanhood can carry a ten-gallon cask of water, or a huge basket filled with firewood or soiled clothes, up a steep hill twenty or thirty times, without stopping to rest. Advancing in years, she may be hitched with a cow or a big dog to pull a market wagon, driven by her beloved and loving husband. If she is a very good wife she may be advanced to the dignity of being the off-horse, with a dog for the near one, to haul a coal cart to a customer's door, and when she unhitches herself she carries in a pannier the rusty-looking coal of this country up one, two or three pairs of stairs, while the man and dog repose in the street. It is thus that the native Bohemian girl often fulfills her destiny in this historic and chivalric land. Woman is the drudge and the beast of burden here, as in many other parts of this continent. There are fine horses for driving heavy vehicles, and there are donkeys that pull fat dowagers or lazy little boys up the hills. But there are no equestrian displays. A riding horse is more rarely seen in Carlsbad than a pretty German woman, and yet there are scores of cavaliers in cavalry uniforms and wearing spurs that ought to be pricking the sides of the best blooded steeds of the orient. But there is not much need of horses in a country where women are the laborers, and the pleasure horse is an expensive luxury.

An Indiana man pulled a drowning woman out of the mighty Wabash, which was all right, but he smoothed her damp hair as she lay on the bank, which was all wrong, and his wife has sued for a divorce on account of it.

The Mexican government has now issued orders that no soldier guarding a powder magazine can smoke while on duty, and some of the Mexican papers support the arbitrary ruling.

SPOOPENDYKE.

He Appears in the Role of Sportsman.

"Say, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he drew a gun from the case and eyed it critically, "I want you to wake me up early in the morning. I'm going shooting."

"Isn't that too sweet!" ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I'll wear my new dress and my Saratoga waves. Where do we go?"

"I'm going down on the island, and you'll go as far as the front door," grunted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Women don't go shooting. It's only men. All you've got to do is to wake me up and get breakfast. When I come home we'll have some birds."

"Won't that be nice!" chimed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Can you catch birds with that thing?" and Mrs. Spoopendyke fluttered around the improved breech-loading shot gun, firmly impressed with the idea that it was some kind of a trap.

"I can kill 'em with this," explained Mr. Spoopendyke. "This is a gun, my dear; it isn't a nest with three speckled eggs in it, nor is it a barn with a hole in the roof. You stick the cartridge in here and pull this finger-piece, and down comes your bird every time."

"Isn't that the greatest thing! I suppose if you don't want a partridge you can stick a duck or a turkey in that end, too, or a fish or a lobster, and bring it down just as quick."

"Yes, or you can stick a house or a cornfield, or a dod gasted female idiot in there, too, if you want to!" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Who said anything about a partridge? It's a cartridge that goes in there."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke, rather crestfallen. "I see now. Where does the bird go?"

"It goes to night school, if he hasn't got any more sense than you have," snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Look here, now, and I'll show you how it works," and Mr. Spoopendyke, whose ideas of a gun were about as vague as those of his wife, inserted the cartridge half way in the muzzle end, and cautiously cocked the weapon.

"And when the bird sees that he comes and pecks at it! Isn't that the funniest!" and Mrs. Spoopendyke clapped her hands in the enjoyment of her discovery. "Then you put out your hand and catch him!"

"You've struck it!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, who had the hammer on the half cock and was vainly pulling at the trigger to get it down. "That's the idea! All you need is four feathers and a gas bill to be a martingale! With your notions you only want a new stock and a steam trip hammer to be a needle gun! Don't you know the dod gasted thing has got to go off before you get a bird! You shoot the birds; you don't wait for 'em to shoot you!"

"At home we used always to chop their heads off with an axe," faltered Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"So would I if I was going after measly old hens," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, who had managed to uncock the contrivance, "but when I go for yellow birds and sparrows I go like a sportsman. While I'm waiting for a bird," continued Mr. Spoopendyke, adjusting the cartridge at the breech, "I put the load in here for safety, and when I see a flock I aim and fire."

Bang! went the gun, knocking the tail feathers out of an eight-day clock and plowing a foot furrow in the wall, perforating the closet door and culminating in Mr. Spoopendyke's plug hat.

"Goodness, gracious!" squeaked Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Oh, my!"

Mr. Spoopendyke gathered himself up and contemplated the damage.

"Why couldn't ye keep still!" he shrieked. "What'd ye want to disturb my aim for and make me let it off? Think I can hold back a charge of powder and a pound of shot while a measly woman is scaring it through a gun barrel?"

"If that had been a bird how nicely you would have shot it!" suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke, soothingly. "If you should ever aim at a bird you'd catch him sure!"

"Oh! you know what I could do! With your information about gunnery you only need a wad in your mouth and a kick like a mule to be a mountain howitzer! If I had your intelligence on sporting subjects I'd hire out for a shot tower. Don't you know you've spoiled the dod gasted gun?" And Mr. Spoopendyke, anxious for some excuse to take it back to his friend Speckle-wottle, who loaned it to him, held it out and eyed his wife sternly. "You've ruined that gun," he continued, solemnly. "It won't ever go off again."

"Never mind, dear," consoled Mrs. Spoopendyke. "It's been off enough, and I'd just as lief have some clams as birds. You go to bed, and we'll try to do without any birds."

"It won't ever go off again," repeated Mr. Spoopendyke as he climbed into his couch. "That is a ruined gun," and he turned his face to the wall.

Mrs. Spoopendyke slowly disrobed, having first turned a stream of water into the gun from the faucet, and betook her to rest. "It may not go off again," she thought, "but if it does the neighbors will think the water main has burst," with which reflection she began to pat the ear of Mr. Spoopendyke, who turned over like an earthquake, and wanted to know if she thought she hadn't done enough mischief without lamming him like a dod gasted blacksmith!—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

No matter how tight a man's boots may fit there is always room for snakes to get into the.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

France is about to employ the electric light in forty-two principal lighthouses.

Upwards of 3,000 steam-plowing engines are now employed in England and Scotland.

An epsom salts and carbolic acid gas spring has been discovered in Mercer county, Ky.

On March 31, 1880, there were in Great Britain 14,212 places where letters could be mailed. The staff of postoffice is 32,000.

Consul Wilson writes that Palestine is fast asleep. There is only one good wagon road in all the Holy Land, the one leading from Jerusalem to Jaffa; the newspapers are two small, feeble Hebrew sheets, and the railroad improvements are yet to be made.

A journalist of the Philadelphia *Times* has been on a fishing trip. Sometimes, he writes, a green-looking country lad, with a hook and line made fast to a stick cut from a tree, will bring in all the fish he wants, while the tourist, with split bamboo rod and silver-plated reel, will have to buy of the lad, or go home without fish.

Life at the summer resorts in the Catskill Mountains this season is characterized by those frantic enjoyments and thrilling episodes that are the peculiar charm of remote country places. A young lady tarrying there writes: "Excuse the appearance of this letter. A candy-pedler strayed up here last Wednesday and I am still suffering from the effects of excitement and nervous shock produced by his unexpected visit."

On the eighteenth of June, every year, a chap bearing a small French tri-color goes to the royal armory in London, and exchanges his flag for the faded one hanging over the bust of the Duke of Wellington. Unless this is done every year, and before 12 o'clock on the day specified, the successors of the Iron duke would lose the estates of Strathfieldsaye. In September the Duke of Marlborough has to do the same thing to retain the holding of some of his possessions.

The Width of the Door.

"I want a piece of a board sawed off, planed on the outside," said Mr. Donlevy. "We'd a few friends in at the house last night to a christenin', and the lower panel av the dure got kicked out in the merriment."

"How wide do you want the piece cut?" asked the carpenter.

"The width av the dure, av course," replied Mr. Donlevy.

"And how wide is the door?"

"Well, it is as wide as a chair is long, jist. Ye kin jist lay a chair across it to kape the childer in an' the pigs out, an' it fits as though it wur matched fur it."

"But all chairs are not the same size," said the carpenter.

"Aw, thundher an' turf! yer thicker headed nor a railroad spike; the chair comes up jist even wid the edge of the windy sill."

"But how high is the window sill?" asked Mr. Chips.

"Bother the badgerin tongue o' ye," growled Mr. Donlevy, "it's only the widness av me hand barrin' the thumb higher than the rain wather that sthands outside, and av ye can't make it from that ye lave the job, and I'll take it to some carpinther that understhands his business and knows the measure av a dure in his head without makin' a chatychism av himself. Say, can ye cut me the pace aff the size av that, ye leather-headed wood butcher, ye, or will I go find a man av yer craft that has half the sinse ye wur born with?" And he had to go find one.—*Hawkeye.*

A Lively Wedding.

Weddings in Mississippi are lively affairs sometimes. A young fellow named Hubbard wanted to marry a Miss Garner, in Yazoo county, but the father and mother of the young lady objected, so Hubbard procured a double-barrelled shotgun, went to the field where Garner and his wife were at work and blazed away at the old man and missed him. He then pulled down on the old lady and wounded her severely. He was arrested and carried before a justice of the peace and the old folks were there to testify against him. Just as the magistrate got ready to proceed with the trial Hubbard asked to be allowed to step into an adjoining room for a moment. In there he found Miss Garner and another justice, and they were married in double-quick time. The parents finally relented, the case was dismissed and all were happy.

Fourth Mourning.

Several ladies, dressed in mourning, were talking together the other day about their weeds. Mrs. A. said she had her first mourning on. Mrs. B. said she had on the same. Mrs. C. remarked that she had just put on her second mourning, and Mrs. D. also said she was in second mourning. After one or two others had given in their experience, Mrs. Jimpkins came along in gay colors and dashing style, and after listening a few moments, said she had just put on fourth mourning.

"Fourth mourning," cried all the ladies, "that is a new one, we never heard of fourth mourning!"

"Ah," smiled Mrs. J., "didn't you?"

"No, tell us what it is."

"Well, it is this: A year ago yesterday, I buried my third husband and to-day I appear in this young lady style with the purpose of catching the fourth, so I call this fourth mourning." The explanation explained, and no further questions were asked.—*Steubenville Herald.*

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1881.

Subscribers finding this paragraph marked will understand that their subscriptions have expired, and unless they promptly renew the paper will be discontinued to their address.

The Mississippi *Republican* has again thrown its banner to the breeze and with a greater prospect for success than heretofore. We welcome it. Here is luck to you!

Admitting the condition of affairs referred to by the *Louisianian* we take no great stock in the efficacy of a convention to remedy the gross evils referred to—that is, if we are to judge the future by the past.

In Mississippi the prospect for a union between Greenbackers, Republicans and disaffected Democrats is assuring. The action of the Republicans in Virginia will have a most salutary effect on other states.

We are under renewed obligations to our friend J. D. Kennedy for a complimentary invitaition to the second annual reception and dance of the Americus Club to be given at Loepers Park, New Orleans on Thursday next.

The public schools of Washington, D. C., are now having their summer vacation These schools can hardly be surpassed; the facuity is an able one, and extraordinary facilities are offered to children of African descent; we are informed that the teachers each receive $100 per month. —*Index*.

The above affords another illustration that you must go away from home to hear the news.

The extract from the New York *Tribune* appropriately supplements the lengthly article from the New York *Herald* as to capacity of the race for higher instruction. The evidences are constantly accumulating to show that our course, both here and abroad, is ever onward. Ler parents make every effort to have their children thoroughly instructed, both intellectually and morally, and no obstacle can prevent our elevation and the enjoyment of our rights and privileges.

E. P. Wade of St. Paul, Minnisota and A, T. Hilyer. of Minneapolis, the former editor, the latter the associate of the *Northwest Review* paid us a visit on Wednesday. We found the gentlemen to be very affable and otherwise pleasant, and well qualified for their positions. It is the best compliment to their ability to say, that they have managed to push their journal successfully in a state in which there is a colored population of less than two thousand souls. They left the same day for New York.

A Philadelphia correspondent advises us that owing to the withdrawal of many children o Catholic parentage, from the public schools, white teaches anticipating the loss of their situations by the reduction of the attendance, are very busy in soliciting the parents of colored children to send them to keep up their divisions.

Colored teachers should show equal interest, and colored parents, many whose pupils may be teachers in embryo, should feel a pride in keeping up the attendance of those schools now taught by colored teachers.

We had the extreme pleasure of receiving a call from John Mitchell, the colored lad who recently received a gold medal from the school board of Richmond, Va. for excellence in drawing. Mr. Mitchell exhibited to us a copy of the map of Virginia which won for him such unstinted praise by ex-Mayor Keiley and the Richmond press. He also called on Recorder Douglass who manifested much pleasure in the talent of young Mitchell. Mr. Douglass speaks of him in the following manner:

"I am glad to have the evidence of the talent and skill afforded in the map of Virgicia by your young John Mitchell. With the industry, patience and perseverance which he has shown in this work, I have no fear but that young Mitchell will make his way in this world and be a credit to our race."

The practical question is, what must we do to encourage the development of the talent this lad possesses in so eminent a degree? There is no doubt that he would make a first class draughtsman or an achitect if were properly trained but in Virginia, where he resides, there are no facilities for his obtaining such instruction, and he has not the means to go North to Troy, Worcester, New York or Boston.

There are scattered all through the South numbers of youth who have capacities for excellence in special fields of skilled labor, and the question of providing some system by which scholarships can be provided for these meritorious youths, needs to be considered. The money annually paid by Rev. John H. Brooks alone, to the railway company would support four or five such pupils in a first class school of technology; or the sum which many of our concert singers could raise in a couple of entertainments would readily afford the means for a year's instruction if it would not provide the entire expense.

INSPIRATION.

Scarcely any christian doctrine has brought forth more discussion than the Inspirations of the Scriptures. Thinking men have thought much about it, and have said much. They have advanced many theories on this doctrine.

That the Bible is inspired—all people who believe in a personal God will admit, because the Bible is so indifferent from all other books. The style of the Bible shows that the thoughts regarded there did not come from man, and that the book was not given by man. Man was the agent in writing this book, but the Creator of the world was the author of this good and precious gift. Man was incapable of producing such a book by his own genius. Neither Buddnor, Mahomet, nor Confucius nor nor any of the ancient sages of Greece with all their learning and culture was ever able to give to the world such a gem as this.

The style of the Bible is not philosophical; yet much of its teaching is eminently intellectual, but still it is plain to the humblest capacity The Bible encourages love of truth by exalting it to the highest place; by requiring the study of it and and condemning errors. The study of the Bible awakens emotions of sympathy; it awakens emotion of love; it awakens emotions of grandeur; it awakens emotion of sublimity; it awakens emotions of beauty. There is sublimity without extravagance; beauty without effeminacy; taste without enervation. Dante, Milton nor Shakspeare,—though they studied the Bible very closely, have never left any such a book. Matters not if Ingersoll does say that Shakspeare's book is the only inspired one, "Still there is more to follow."

THAT NEWSPAPER CONVENTION.

The *Globe* of the present week wants to know what we mean by saying that "J. Q. Adams has in deference to the Western colored newspapers, and because of the indifference of the colored papers of New York manifested by failing to make arrangements, revoked &c."

This and nothing more: simultaneously with the call formally issued, as it should have been, for New York, was the request for the publishers and editors in New York to meet and perfect the preliminary arrangements incident to the meeting of any convention. As far as the public is aware this was not done, for no acceptance of the trust or announcement of any plan was published, either in the *Globe* or the *American*. Last year, the plan for the Louisville Convention, was not only published previously to its sitting, but every editor was requested by mail to signify whether he intended to be present and if so to come prepared to contribute to the exercises by a paper, poem &c. Nothing of the kind, we regret to say, was done this year by either the proprietors of the *Globe* or the *American*—as far as we are advised. If they did confer and arrange, they kept "their light under a bushel."

Now, we want to say just another word in order that it may be known just where we stand. We were for New York "first, last and all the time."

We labored hard in Chicago last year at the preliminary meeting held in the Palmer House, to have the convention called at New York but in vain—"local pride" as they termed it, beat us. We rejoice when the convention at Louisville adjourned, to hear it was to meet in New York, and prepared ourselves accordingly. We believe taat the objection raised first by the Ohio Falls *Express* against meeting in New York as in very bad taste, the more so because its editor was the champion of the "local pride" men of last year. A little irony in our columns in reply to his plea for Chicago that the convention having met in Louisville should visit Evansville, New Albany and Nashville, in turn, was accepted as being in real earnest.

We think the plea of the *Conservator* for its Chicago meeting a weak subterfuge and exceedingly lame, except so far as its editor was misled, as were we, by the "manifested indifference," of our New York friends.

Now, let the editor of the *Globe* read our paragraph of the last issue and reflect if the "insinuation" as he terms it did not have a basis of truth and that therefore it is neither 'false' or apparently "malicious." If he is the man we take him to be will see his error even if he do not publicly admit it.

Since writing the above, invitatio s for the meeting next week have come to hand. From them the editor of the *Globe* may learn somewhat of the duties of a committee of arrangements.

THE PRESIDENT.

The anxiety this week over the condition of President Garfield has been most intense. Hope against hope is still entertained as to his recovery. Sympathizing as we all do with him in his condition let our prayers still go forth that his medical advisers may be led to wisely administer to his necessities, alleviate his sufferings and cause Nature to assert herself to the full and healthy exercise of all her functions. Long live President Garfield!

The Virginia *Post* was once a "Re-adjuster in the cool" paper, its last issue was as "Straightout" as possible. Now that the straightouts have "gone where the wood bine twineth" where will it next appear?

Off For A Day.

BY "JOYCE."

A misty morning, the sight of sun and sky obscured, a wagonful of boys and girls leaving the city—these are the things which Phoebus views with opening eyes. A "big meeting" is going on in structure Mt. Zion, county Henrico, at a distance of twenty miles; and these city people are going out of town to jest and laugh and enjoy with country people and things. Gazing into these merry faces that reflect the overflowing happiness of the soul, you would not suppose some of them stretched and yawned lugubriously at being early awakened; and that their posessors suffered the greater deprivation of being prematurely arrested in bolting bread and tea, by the announcement of the vehicle. So great an influence has mind over body, that one can now detect no trace of these recent disappointments.

A lengthening day throws aside the vail of mist the heavens wore, and eager eyes scan long stretches of scenery. As we near the limits of the city great open plains rise before the sight, where Mother Earth wears a robe of velvet grass, sprinkled with diamond dewdrops, and dotted here and there with little patches of spider's web-like decorations of finest lace. Turning to catch a glimpse of our starting point, through clouds of fine dust the things left behind receive a mysterious beauty their actual presence did not possess. So seem the memories of our past days.

Grand old trees appear, keeping solitary guard in fields unbroken; and presently the real forests loom in view. Our youthful party clap their hands in ecstacy, as they burst on the scene unexpected—a cosy cottage, almost buried in wandering vines and bright-hued blossoms, from whose wide chimney issues smoke heralding the morning meal, and around the door of which opened eyed children stare at the strangers, while the farmer is "grubbing" or "burning bush" in an adjoining clearing.

In the portico of a stately mansion some portly gentleman reads the latest papers. At such a place our group stops to request a draught from the "old oaken bucket," and the use of the water-trough for our horses. A demure little maid attends us, and a grinning holster the animals; then away we speed.

We next draw reins before a dilapidated building, where an elderly gentleman is dozing in an arm chair and a boy is meditatively surveying his illy clad feet, elevated to the porch railing.

"How far is it to Gold Lake?"

The drowsy parent gives a lethargic reply, which the sporting youngster instantly contradicts. We open our eyes in polite amazement at these opposing informers and nod good morning, leaving the latest speaker to the tender mercies of an enraged father.

One of the horses becomes factious under the burden, refusing to climb the hill; and her companion copies the rebellious deportment. Our young men are here valiant in rescue; and the load being lightened of them, the wagon moves slowly up the hill. At last the crystal waters of the lake gleam brilliantly before us—this lake which takes it name from the fact that a miser once lived near, who hid his money in some portion of the surrounding forest and himself afterwards lost trace of it. We follow the blue margin for a while, and then branch into the direction of the church, through the woods. As we draw near the sacred edifice, we note the various equipages with the attachments—comely mules like Sancho Panza's Dapple and many a horse resembling Rozinant.

Were it not for our numerous attendants, some of the youths with oiled locks and perfumed vests, who linger around the church door and now come forward to "get acquainted," would offer to escort the girls to the inside group, such being the country custom. In the church people move obsequiously aside for silk dresses and lace parasols. A spry little woman behind caresses the tresses of one and fondles the back bows of another, while our saucy mutes are apparently unconscious of it all. If we yawn inwardly, we listen with uplifted orbs to the discourse.

This ended, we issue forth amid the after exercise of shouting, and go down to the grove by the spring where the young people are congregated. There, as pivots on which much merriment turns, are tables of sweets, conducted by matrons who meditate money making. One city girl converses with a youth who is decked in a combination neckcloth composed of a yellow cravat and a red handkerchief, and whose fingers clumsily clutch a cigar stump. This latter is displayed, no doubt, as a convincing evidence of his knowledge of the refinement (?) of city life. He has, we are told, traveled *extensively*; yet the greatest observation he has made is, that "the young ladies are very deceitful and a man can't always tell his friends." Several good people urge us to partake of water-melon, which is hospitably free to the public, and of the nice things for sale. We decline, however, and invite a few acquaintances back to dine with us on the church green; for we have come prepared with city edibles. The cloth is spread on the ground; the dinner arranged thereon; and each advised to help himself, dispensing for the day with table etiquette.

Our city misses must afterwards perform the toilet; so they go off to some secluded spot, where they use glass and brush and powder. In the church, preliminary to after noon services, prompt old members are singing, and tardy youngsters are wending their way thither, but we must bid good by.

After the regrets and good wishes are concluded, our refreshed conveyers bound away on the home ward journey. Down by the lake a pair of appreciative eyes are watching a pretty girlish figure on the rocks, and the skillful fingers of a travelling artist are sketching it. Some of our party declare they would give a year of their life to be the unconscious dreamer on the rocks, but one enthusiastic lover of art comprehended the glory of the artist.

Going home, an afternoon sun floods the sky; though a visible rainbow shows us that showers, from which we were free, visited this section. Speech is lost in the entrancing pleasure of watching a setting sun; and twilight sees us in the city—a happy, subdued party.

FAMILIAR TALKS ON SCIENCE.

Oxygen And Its Compounds.

Rev. G. Frederick Wright.

Oxygen and hydrogen are colorless, orderless and tasteless gases, both of which are exceedingly light in weight (hydrogen being the lightest of all known substances) and very inflammable; yet when chemically combined in the ratio of one particle of oxygen to two of hydrogen they form water, which is an incombustible liquid.

"Oxygen is the most abundant and the most important of all the chemical elements. About one-fifth of the atmosphere consists of free oxygen; it is the chief constituent of water; it is an important constituent of all animal and vegetable substances, and is contained in greater or less proportion in most mineral substances." How modern the science of chemistry is, appears when we remember that oxygen was discovered as late as 1774 by Dr. Priestly, of England.

Water can be separated into its constituent gases by various methods, among others by sending a current of electricity through it; this is, however, a slow process. "On a large scale hydrogen may be separated from oxygen by passing steam over charcoal or coke heated to a dull redness." In this case the oxygen of the steam unites with the carbon, producing carbonic acid, and the hydrogen is free to escape. When water has thus been separated into its constituent elements they occupy 1,800 times as much space as before. These gases can then in ordinary temperatures be mixed without any effect but if the mixture be touched with a spark it returns again to water, exploding with tremendous force. By burning oxygen and hydrogen together in a jet, an intense heat is produced,—a heat so great that iron, copper, zinc, silver, lead and many other metals burn in the flame as readily as wood in the furnace.

Oxygen is so strongly attracted to the hydrogen with which it unites to form water that an immense amount of force is requisite to dissever the union. The energy envolved in the combination of a sufficient amount of these gases to produce an ounce of water is equal to that consumed in raising 1,000 tons 1,300 feet. The same amount of force is exerted in separating an ounce of water into its constituent elements.

Nevertheless, there are several substances for which oxygen has a stronger affinity than for hydrogen. The metals sodium and potassium are among that number and by means of them, water can be burned. These are the metals from which by their union with oxygen, soda and pot ash are made. They are both lighter than water, and when thrown upon it attracts its oxygen so strongly as to separate it from the hydrogen, evolving heat in the process sufficient to kindle a flame.

Oxygen is also, as we said before, the element uniting with the carbon in wood, coal oil, to produce the heat and flame in an ordinary fire. The source from which oxygen is derived for common purposes combustion is the atmosphere. The air is a mechanical, and not chemical, mixture of oxygen and nitrogen. Nitrogen is incombustible, and by its presence moderates the action of oxygen. A firebrand which barely glows in the air bursts in a brilliant flame when plunged into pure oxygen. Even iron which is simply red hot in the air burns readily in oxygen.

Were the proportion of oxygen in the air much greater than it is every fire would be a conflagration, and the conditions of nature would be so changed that man could no longer exist in the world Combustion is merely rapid oxidation. When wood burns with a flame the same chemical changes take place which occur if it slowly decays in the air; and when the iron burns in pure oxygen it is the same process by which the metal rusts in in a damp atmosphere. The production of heat through the ordinary decay of vegetable matter is witnessed where damp hay or cotton or tow is thrown into a pile and suffered to stand. Fires occasionally break out through spontaneous combustion. The warmth of animals when living is also kept up by the slow oxidation of the carbon dissolved in the blood—the contact between the carbon and the oxygen taking place in the lungs. The existence of oxygen in the air in just the proportions necessary to sustain the proper heat of the body is one of the most remarkable of those numerous adaptions in nature which reveal the presence of a designing Creator. We shall hereafter speak of this more at length in connection with physiology.

A RISING RACE.

So much has been written from the South about the Negro as a political factor and victim, so much about his ignorant and oppressed condition and the necessity of his emigration and similar topics, that too little is known of the better and more hopeful side of his development. Yet, if the facts were known, we should find much matter for congratulation in the gradual improvement of the race, their ambition and their certain higher destiny. There is a peculiarly bright side to the picture of their life and chance. As soon as the "commencement" season had fairly begun I began a tour of the most prosperous schools for freedmen in the Southern States. What I saw was such an astonishing and gratifying revelation that philanthropists and educators, as well as politicians, may be interested in a hasty glance at the entire field of the education of the blacks.

PUBLIC COLORED SCHOOLS.

Nearly all the Southern States have recently made provisions for the support of colored public colored schools. The provision made varies greatly from a mere statutory acknowledgment that the blacks ought to be provided with schools to as generous an appropriation as can be afforded or could be expected. The State of Tennessee is doing more than any other Southern State in the way of popular education. The school law requires a tax to support the public schools—a State tax—and allows also the levying of an additional special tax by such counties as choose to make it. A large number of the counties now levy such a tax. The money raised by both State and county is distributed to counties proportionately to their actual school population, white and black Thus the colored people, although they pay only a small part of the tax, enjoy the public school appropriation equally with the whites. In other States less liberal provision is made, but in all there is something done. The public demand for a recognition of the right of the freedmen to educational advantages furnished by the State is gradually becoming stronger. No Southern legislature now dares, as many did ten years ago, to ignore it altogether. The statistics of the attendance of the colored public schools in the present embryotic state of the whole Southern system of public schools can hardly show with accuracy the extent of the work, nor can an adequate idea be gained from them of the growing demand and enthusiasm. The following statements, however, taked from the last report of the superintendent of public instruction in Tennessee will show what is doing in that State:. The school population of the State in 1879, counting all between the ages of 6 and 21 (a longer range than is usually given) was: White, 403,333; Colored, 141,509. Number of public schools—White, 4,334; Colored, 1,115. Number of pupils white, 219,290. colored, 60,850. From this showing it will be seen that the ratio of attendance of the colored children is very nearly as large as the white. This difference, however, must be remembered—a larger number of whites than blacks are educated at private schools. The average number of days the public schools were taught in 1880, however, was only sixty-eight in the year. Yet five years ago there was really no public school system at all worthy of the name in Tennessee. All that has been done has been done recently, and in five years more it is probably that the work will have more than doubled in quantity and efficiency.

Next to Tennessee Georgia has done most for the public education of our children, both white and black. The other States are following, some very slowly, but all surely. In a few years Judge Tourgee's plea for aid from the national government to educate the colored people of the South will apply as well to the whites. The blacks are making more progress—of course they have need to make more—than the whites.

COLORED COLLEGES.

A rapid survey of the higher schools—high schools, colleges and universities—for the education of freedmen shows no stagnant state of affairs. The great center of education is Nashville, Tenn. There are four colored universities there—the Fisk University, with a magnificent building erected by the "Jubilee Singers," and a new building now in course of erection with a donation of $60,000 made by Mrs. Stone, of Massachusetts; the Colored Baptist College, the Methodist College, called "Central Tennessee University," and a medical college. All these are well patronized. For example the Fisk University had last year an attendance in all its departments of 355 pupils. A mere list of the most prominent higher schools for colored people is instructive. Besides those already named there is a university at Atlanta and one at Charleston, not included in the following list: Hampton Normal and Agricultural institute, Hampton, Va., with a total colored attendance of nearly 600, beside 60 Indian pupils; Atlanta University, Atlanta, Ga., with an attendance of 272; Straight University, New Orleans, 302 students; Tillotson Normal School, Austin, Tex., 197 students; Berea College, Berea, Ky., 308 students; Talladega College, Talladega, Ala., 308 students; Tougaloo University, Tougaloo, Miss., 171 students; Howard University, Washington, D. C., (theological institute) 50 students. Besides these there are six or eight other colleges under the immediate support of the African Methodist and Baptist churches. There are normal and graded schools of an average attendance of about 125 students at Wilmington, N. C., Raleigh, N. C., Charleston, S. C., Greenwood, S. C., Atlanta, Ga., Savannah, Ga., Athens, Ala., Macon, Ga., Mobile, Ala., Chattanooga, Tenn., Memphis, Tenn., Columbus, Miss., and Louisville, Ky. The most of these schools are under the supervision and at least partial support of the American Missionary Association, The others are mainly sustained by other religious organizations, mostly, but not exclusively, with Northern money. From the nature of the institutions the most of the male pupils pursue a theological course of studies and become ministers; the females become teachers. By far the greater part of the pupils teach during the summer to earn money to prosecute their studies in the winter. The average charge made for tuition and board is not more than $12 or $15 a month. This pays the current expenses of the institution, and the faculty are paid the fostering church or missionary society. The faculty are nearly all Northern men and women, but every year the colored graduates contribute an especially proficient student to the faculty. The time is not far distant when a large portion of the teaching will be done by the blacks themselves.

NO LACK OF MENTAL APTITUDE FOR SCHOLARSHIP.

The grade of teaching done at three or four of these colleges—the Atlanta University and Fisk University, for example—will compare very favorably with the teaching done in Southern white colleges. I heard a colored girl at Atlanta a few weeks ago read Virgil and Sophocles as fluently as I ever heard them read in a Southern white college. Not a few of the pupils are especially proficient in mathematics. The idea was once almost universally prevalent that the Negro was ethnologically incapable of accurate and advanced trirning. The work done by these schools refutes this opinion, and the concession is now gaining ground, even among Southern whites, that the colored race is susceptible of as high training, under equal conditions, as the whites. Thus far the most of the students that have distinguished themselves are not pure blooded Africans; but the educators agree, without any dissent whatever, that the presence of white blood is not necessary for scholarship. In every school a few jet black pupils that keep pace with their lighter companions. The mulattoes as a rule have a better chance to attend the higher schools than the pure blooded blacks. Their mothers are usually in a better condition—house servants, laundresses, women who have a better chance in the world than the old "field hands," than the purely black women.

EAGER FOR EDUCATION.

The most of these higher schools teach the classics and other subjects which prepare for preaching and teaching; yet several have work shops, model farms and other means of mechanical and practical instruction. The school of medicine at Nashville has been mentioned. Straight University at New Orleans last year had twenty-three law students. The agricultural and industrial work done at the school at Hampton, Va., is well known; the Atlanta University has a "university farm," and several others have agricultural and mechanical departments. Nearly all the work now doing is breaking the ground—furnishing the teachers, preachers, colporteurs and the like. The general higher education of the race will begin a generation or two later. Then the practical side of collegiate training must receive a larger share of attention. A most noticeable and encouraging fact in connection with the work is the eagerness of the blacks to be educated. Thriftless and improvident as the greater number of the ex-slaves are, they will make any sacrifice to send their children to school after a school has been provided for them. But they are helpless in providing for themselves. The efforts of many of the pupils to secure an education are nothing less than heroic. They will teach all summer or do other work to make money to attend school even a part of the winter. This ambition, however, is confined mainly to those who have already begun a course of study. Utter ignorance is likely to be without ambition. "A little learning is a dangerous thing" holds good in some cases. The knowledge of the three R's produces an undue pride and makes a dependent and semi-mental life unbearable too soon—before the mental is really fitted for a higher position. But the demeanor and mental balance of the really educated black is, in every instance that has come under my obser-

(Continued on third page.)

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

SATDURAY, AUGUST 20, 1881.

AGENTS.

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" ..... { G. W. Renfro.
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CALVIN D. JOHNSON, - Local Editor.

LOCAL.

—Societies and churches wishing local notices of their entertainments and other special exercises, in order to ensure the same should send complimentary tickets.

—Frank Hyman is recuperating at Atlantic City.

—Miss Ellen Braxton has gone to Norfolk for a week's vacation.

—Miss Parthenia Woodson and Miss Williams are at Harper's Ferry.

—Messrs. H. B. Abrahams and John Hannoe have returned from Atlantic City.

—Bishop Brown leaves Saturday for New York, thence he will sail for England.

—Mrs. Gilbert Gray is making extensive improvements on her residence north O street.

—Mrs. Caroline Barrett and her daughter Mary have gone to Boston to reside permanently.

—Miss Annie E. Geary was unexpectedly called home by the death of her grandmother.

—The excursion from Richmond arrived here Monday morning about 7 o'clock, and returned at night.

—The *New South* has had some lively communications from two prominent city gentlemen during the past month.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Silence has left the city for a few days and is now recuperating at Green Springs, Loudoun Co. Va.

—The Congregational Methodist church gave a charming picnic to Highland Park Tuesday last. "The woods was full of 'em."

—The Washington Cadets are going into camp the last of August, which will be a new and interesting feature in these parts.

—George S. Stevens the successful teacher of Winchester, Va. passed through the city last Saturday on his return from Hampton.

—The camp meeting at Irving Park closed Tuesday. It was a creditable gathering throughout, combining religion and literature.

—We have seen and heard of "pied type," but a compositor in our office declared last week that one of our staff "*writes* pied small pica."

—Misses Ella W. Jackson and Julia C. Grant have left Providence, R. I., for Newport, after many days of pleasure spent in the former place.

—Prof. Ayer's art exhibitions at the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian church Monday and Tuesday evenings were very interesting but the attendants were few.

—Mrs. Smallwood feels encouraged considering the dullness of the times, at her venture in the ice cream business, corner of 13th and M sts. n. w. She deserves to be liberally patronized.

—The Baptist Sunday School Union which met at the Fourth Baptist church last Sunday is on its last legs, and it only needs one more such meeting before "rattling its bones over the stones."

—A large number of brethren were present last Monday morning; Dr. Seaton was there and made a lively speech on the new revision. He hates it and in two weeks will give us a paper on the same.

—The catalogue of the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Sunday School for 1879 gives the number of volumes in the library as 475; since then about 260 more have been added, making nearly 700 volumes.

—Rev. Mr. Cargill, of Atlanta, Ga., is now pastor of Ebenezer A. M. E. church, Georgetown. He was at the preachers' meeting last Monday monday. He is quite an intelligent gentleman. He studied at Atlanta University.

—The newly appointed minister at Ebenezer A. M. E. church in Georgetown, the Rev. J. M. Cargill, is so far satisfactory to the members and congregation. Preaching Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, a. m.

—D. W. Lewis who has just been admitted to the bar in Virginia, was in the city last week. Mr. Lewis proposes to take the stump for the Re-adjusters after which he will be actively engaged in the practice of his chosen profession.

—At the memorial services to be held at John Wesley church to morrow in honor of Bishop Clinton and Rev. J. B. Trusty, addresses will be made by Revs. T. G. Campbell, M. M. Bell, E. M. Stanton, R. J. Daniel, S. S. Wales and others. Good music will be given by several choirs.

—Vespers at St. Luke's church were largely attended last Sunday afternoon by persons of all denominations and colors. The singing was excellent. Mr. and Mrs. Mc Kinny appeared for the last time before leaving for New York to fill their engagements with Jarrett, Palmer and Slavin.

—The *Knights of St. Augustine*, No. 1, will give their first grand excursion to Richmond, Va. on Saturday, Aug. 27th, '81. The train will leave the the B. P. Depot at 10.30, p. m. returning leaving Richmond on *Monday*, Aug. 29, at 9.30 o'clock.

Round trip ticket, - $2.00

—*Mrs.* F. C. Douglass, *Misses* Mary McKenney, Florence Lewis, Ella and Alice Somerville, Mr. John F. Cook and family, Mrs. Walter, Jackson and her son. Mr. Samuel Jackson, *Messrs.* H. E. Baker, William Joyce, W. E. Mathews, Wyatt Archer and Wesley Howard left last Saturday for Fortress Monroe.

—The Ebenezer Sunday School of Georgetown will give their fourth annual concert to morrow evening (Sunday) at 8 o'clock at their church on Beall street. This school has given excellent concerts heretofore, but is said that this will be the best of all. J. W. Beckett, superintendent, Miss Mamie Thomas organist.

—Dr. John M. Brown, son of Bishop John M. Brown, of the A. M. E. church, leaves next week for Kansas City, Missouri, where he proposes to practice medicine. Dr. Brown is a graduate of Howard University Medical college, and has had considerable practice in the hospital at that institution. He is an intimate friend of Dr. A. T. Augusta. We hope the good people of Kansas City will give him a hearty welcome.

—The Methodist preachers' meeting met at Lincoln Mission morning.

The subject for discursion was this: Should the Revision of the New Testament succeed the Old? Mr. Beckett, a young theologue of Wilberforce, read a most excellent paper on the subject; he deserves great credit for his faithfulness.

The above named subject will be continued next Monday morning at Lincoln Mission, 11th and R sts. n. w.

—Hon. John M. Langston minister resident near the Court of Hayti arrived here last week in fine physical condition. Mr. Langston speaking hopefully of the condition of affairs in Hayti and believes the political outlook very favorable for the Negro. An extended interview will be published in our next.

H. C. Jolly of the *K.* of W. M. has been working up the interest of the Order in New York city. He established a fine lodge in the above name city entitled "Pride of the North." Among its members are Rev. T. McCants Stewart and *Dr.* T. S. P. Miller.

—A small son of Mr. Aaron Russell had a trifling altercation with some officious white children in his vicinity last Monday, when officer Sullivan arrested Russell's son. It is said that the officer went to the house of two white families in the immediate vicinity, and, so as to make a good impression on the court, told them to put on their very best dresses, and come to the court as witnesses against the boy. It is also said that this son of Erin remarked that he would "teach niggers how to strike white people." When Mr. Russell was informed of the arrest of his son, he immediately went to the station house, and, leaving the required collateral, took his boy home. Rather than have further dealings with such unenviable persons, Mr. Russell sell allowed the collateral to be forfeited. This was best under the circumstances.

(*Concluded from second page.*)

tion, polite and even philosophic. I have talked freely with them about their position in society. They understand it and accept it with wisdom. A lawyer who had graduated at one of these Southern colleges and afterward attended a Northern school, told me that his clients were almost of his own race. He acknowledged that he had almost daily opportunities to impose upon their ignorance and credulity, and he said that not even all the lawyers of his own race resisted such temptations. In his association with white lawyers at the bar he was generally treated with the utmost courtesy. Yet there were two or three white men with whom he was sometimes forced to come in contact that he preferred to avoid. They would become contemptuous and scornful to an unpleasant degree. He confessed that the average society of his race was not congenial to him, but the educated blacks of the city (New Orleans) had a circle of society of their own. He mentioned with pride the fact that he numbered not a few white members of the bar among his best personal friends, and he acknowledged their readiness to help him in any way. His cases are usually small ones, and not unfrequently a white attorney gives him a case from which a good fee can be made.

A RIVALRY OF RACES.

This man's opinion of his race and its chance is shared with many educated black men. In the end, he maintained, we shall have a practical independence existing between the two races. As we have more colored lawyers and physicians, they will gradually monopolize the practice among colored patients and clients. "We will soon have the problem of our race's advancement almost entirely in our own hands," he said, "and while the blacks must always do the greater part of the manual labor of the South they will ultimately do also not a little of the professional and mental labor." The prejudice that was till recently so strong among the Southern whites against the education of the blacks is gradually but surely dying. In the more progressive cities it is disappearing very rapidly. In many country districts it still exists and will exist a long time. The force that kills it is the work done by the Negro himself to advance himself. When an educated and decorous black demeans himself well and shows that he has brains, and energy, and character, the old theory that the race is incapable of improvement meets an unanswerable refutation. Men reconstruct their ideas on the subject, and the mere feeling of humanity, in which the young Southerner is especially not lacking, demands a fair chance for the black. In Atlanta and Nashville especially there has been a very wonderful change of public sentiment. When Northern men first established schools there they may have been met with bare toleration, but certainly not with encouragement. Now, however, the business men speak with pride of the institutions and the local newspapers sustain and encourage them. Every year when commencement time comes many native Southerners who have seen the school blessings for years express surprise at the high and good work that has been going so quietly. They had no idea that a "nigger" could ever be taught to read Horace! This kind of a revelation makes many theories that are founded on a condition of slavery untenable.

SURE, THOUGH SLOW, WORK.

Thus the slow work is going on. No one will maintain that the average Negro in his present state of advancement is in a fair way to become a scholar. But he must be shortsighted indeed who cannot see the drift of things, as shown by the foregoing facts, points to a gradual but sure elevation—a plane where the blessings of citizenship will be appreciated. All the problems, that hinge on the Negro—political, social and industrial—will work themselves out while theorist of all kinds are confidently predicting, some ultimate chaos, others an approaching millennium. Neither is near at hand. But the slow work that brings great results is going on.—*N. Y. Herald.*

PERSONAL

It is said that Mrs. E. D. Bassett has joined the Roman Catholic church.

Miss Carrie Mason and Miss Lena Pratter, have gone to Sherpardstown West Va, to spend a few weeks Summer vacation with their friends.

Cramps, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa and Dysentery, are speedily cured by Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam. It removes all soreness of the Bowels, quiets the Stomach, and restores the natural actions. As a family remedy for many Affections of the Bowels, prevalent among children and Adult in the Summer months, it is especially recommended, being prompt in its operation, perfectly safe, and easily administered.

These summer months our people are spending their hard earnings in revelry and frolicking,—Next winter some of them will be shivering and wondering where the next day's food and fuel is to come from. Why can't we be thoughtful and economical like the Germans? Now they would scorn the idea of paying two, or even one dollar a year for a good weekly newspaper that would instruct, and point out to them the progress we are making as a race, would give five times that amount for a "little fun." Some of us have not nearly as much wisdom as we give ourselves credit with. "Review."

Books and newspapers have much to in the formation of character. They are to the mind what food is to the body. Proper care should be taken in the selection of books and papers, and the habit of reading should be early formed and cultivated through life.

Our people do not read enough. They spend too much money for tobacco and strong drinks and too little for books. Good books like good companions, constantly give to their readers pure and elevating thoughts. The human mind is a vacum and must be filled. The mind must feed upon something, and if the seeds of knowledge and virtue are not early sown in the mind, the weeds and thisties of vice will take root and grow. It has often been said that those who do read, must, of necessity, have their minds confined to very narrow limits. They can say nothing of importance, because they know nothing of importance.—"Baptist Journal."

Another Laurel.

In speaking of prize examinations I should not neglect those which came off yesterday at the Sorbonne. The were to test the intelligence and erudition of candidates for the degrees of "bachelier es lettres" and "bachelier es science." In conformity with M. JulesFerry instructions, examiners were severe. Out of 1,169 candidates for the complete B. S. degree, only 385 were admitted to complete, and 357 ultimately received. For the restricted degree in the same faculty 162 presented themselves, and only 76 were admitted to the oral test. Out of these 67 passed. The girl candidates were not numerous. A single one passed, Mlle Bignon, but she was ahead of everyone else, and was warmly complimented by the board of examiners. For the Bachelorship of Letters and Philosophy there were among the 1,800 candidates only two young ladies. They, too, were complimented by the examination board, which was composed of Professors Richard Waddington, Tannery and Meziers, of the Academy. One of them was a Negress and as black as if she had just arrived from Congo. She is a pure blooded African and a native of Guadaloupe. Her name is Matnieu Dubois. She is a medical student and last year obtained the complete B. S. degree. The other young lady who sat with her and answered most creditably is a Mlle Martin, daughter of a railway engineer.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Atlantic Monthly.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1881.

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THE NEWS.

Midnight, the trotter that won in the 2:15 class of Buffalo, N. Y., a few days ago, was stimulated for the contest by the copious administration of cold coffee. So successful was the experiment that owners of trotters in New York—Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Alley, Mr. S. F. Dewey, Mr. Edwin Thorne and Mr. Shepherd F. Knapp among them—say that they will enter their horses in the temperance society, and stimulate them hereafter with coffee instead of liquor.

Ryder & Wright's Schuylkill oil works, on the river bank above Gray's Ferry bridge, Philadelphia, were almost totally destroyed by fire.

The President's condition is not so hopeful. His pulse has varied between 120 and 130 during the 24 hours of Aug. 15th and 16th. He has suffered from vomiting during the time.

The laboring work of the custom house at New York is to be done hereafter by contract instead of government management, solely with the view of retrenchment.

The report of the destruction of a village and the massacre of the inhabitants near Rio Puerco is untrue. In all, twenty Mexicans and one soldier have been killed, and one white woman captured by Indians since the 10th instant.

The General Temperance bill, reported by the special committee, was defeated in the Georgia state Senate by a vote of twenty to nineteen.

Surgeon Edward S. Matthews, U. S. N., who took morphine at Providence died at the Rhode Island Hospital.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to wreck an excursion train, having on board 550 men, women and children, near San Antonio, Texas, by laying cross-ties across the track.

A destructive fire took place at Lexington, Ky. Losses will reach $50,000, with from $25,000 to $30,000 insurance. The fire originated in A. C. Wendover's stable on Short street, and the building, extending through to Main street, was quickly burned. The flames then spread in all directions for an hour and a-half when they were finally got under control.

A special telegram from Detroit announces the arrest of Captain H. W. Howgate, of Detroit, on a warrant charging him with embezzlement from the government of more than $40,000, while he was disbursing officer in the signal service department.

General Robert Toombs, who is at Clarksville, Ga., is in extremely poor health.

Prosecuting Attorney Pickets, of New Haven, states that Blanche Douglas has said nothing to implicate the Malley brothers with the murder of Jennie Cramer. The jury of inquest refuses to divulge the purport of the Douglass confession. They consider her statements to be of vital importance, settling the case against the Malleys, showing the motive of the murder, that it was not committed in West Haven, and that the body was brought to the shore.

The *Evening Journal*, Chicago, prints the following extract from a letter written to a friend in Chicago by Dr. D. W. Bliss, of Washington:

"Do not believe any of the pretended interviews with me that are sent out by newspaper correspondents here. I hold no interviews with newspaper correspondents, but they insist upon inventing false and foolish conversations with me. I cannot help this. Agnew and the other surgeons have the same trouble. Do not think the President's surgeons and physicians are shallow fools, because the 'press gang' here try to make them out such."

Anson Edered's extensive saw-mill at Oconto, Ill., was totally destroyed by fire. Loss $100,000.

The Newspaper Union building at Omaha took fire from the furnace in the basement, and was totally destroyed with all its contents. Two other buildings, one a residence, were burned. The total loss is $14,500; insurance $8,000. Some fifty newspapers were supplied with patent insides by this Newspaper Union.

About a week ago Miss Mary Zink, aged nineteen years, daughter of Charles Zink, No. 44 Essex street, Baltimore, accidentally trod upon a nail, which penetrated the sole of her right foot. The wound rapidly healed, and nothing more was thought of it until lockjaw set in. Medical attention was secured, but death ensued in a few hours.

The President's condition Wednesday, August 17, was a little more hopeful than on Monday or Tuesday, the best indications being a slightly reduced pulse and the fact that he was able to take a small amount of nourishment in the usual way and retain it. During the afternoon he was given two teaspoonfuls of beef extract. The last spoonful nauseated him somewhat, but by a strong effort he refrained from vomiting. Mrs. Garfield said she was confident he was better, and the physicians were considerably encouraged.

It is rumored in the United States District Attorney's office, New York, that a number of national banks will be called on to refund money to the treasury which was paid by them on checks which were drawn on the assistant treasurer in 1867 and 1868, endorsement on the checks being fraudulent.

Giteau, the assassin, attacked a jail guard named McGill, who entered his cell early to demand a piece of sharpened iron, which the prisoner had in his possession. The guard drew his pistol in self-defence, and during the scuffle it was discharged, doing no damage. Guiteau was finally overpowered, and the piece of iron taken from him.

During the month of July, 1881, 56,607 immigrants arrived in the United States: From England and Wales, 6,693; Ireland, 5,337; Scotland, 1,320; Australia, 1,941; Belgium, 1,201; Denmark, 744; France, 382. Germany, 20,374; Hungary, 225; Italy, 675; Netherland, 889; Norway, 2,905; Poland, 250; Russia, 793; Sweden, 6,067; Switzerland, 558; Dominion of Canada, 4,890; China, 2,046, and from all other countries, 398.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The deadlock House of Lords and House of commons, on the Land bill, continues to excite great attention in England. Mr. Gladstone has received hundreds of letters begging him to make no concessions to the Lords.—Twelve persons were killed and 150 wounded by the fall of seats at a bull-fight, at Marseilles—A riot has occurred at Sunluri, in Sardinia, on account of the imposition of new taxes.—Great preparations are being made for a Land League Convention at Newcastle. Mr. Justin McCarthy will preside.

The House of Lords have agreed to the amendments of the House of Commons to the Land bill.—At an electoral meeting held in Paris M. Gambetta attempted to speak, but a disorderly element created so much confusion that he was forced to desist.—The death of President Garfield was announced by two Liverpool papers.—During the audience which the Emperor William gave Minister White he expressed the friendliest sentiments towards the United States.—It is reported that petroleum springs have been discovered near Hanover, Germany.

Mr. Parnell, the land bill being out of the way, is now devoting his attention to the coercion act, and the manner in which it is enforced.—It is feared that Breslau will shortly be declared in a state of siege because of the prevalence of the social agitation there.—M. Gambetta's friends are of the opinion that the insults offered him in Paris will be of vast advantage in his canvas. He is now declared to be "a representative of the liberty of speech and resistance to revolutionary violence."

The Horse in Maryland.

A writer to the New York *Sportsman* says: We have heard it remarked a hundred times here, as well as elsewhere, that Baltimorians, Maryland people in general, are slow—a little behind the times in point of enterprise. While this may be very true in some respects, it is assuredly not the case so far as the breeding and developing of fine horseflesh are concerned. The writer's observation and experience during a recent visit justify the conclusion that in this direction, the raising of the thoroughbred racer as well as the ideal trotter, "My Maryland" comes in for a full share of glory.

Regarding the former of these classes of horses we will, in this letter, give the readers of the *Sportsman* an account of a few of the leading farms and the growing interest and improvement in the running horse in this state of terrapin and canvas-back. To-day we will briefly refer to a visit paid to the principal breeding headquarters of trotters and roadsters—"Meadow View Farm"—located near the little village of Powhatan, about six miles from Baltimore. We had come to the City of Monuments to spend a few days with friends of days gone by, little dreaming that an opportunity would present itself of witnessing "blood, speed and sport," and we confess the favorable impression received and the exceptionally fine stock seen at Meadow View will long remain fresh in our memory. After having repeatedly made the rounds of the leading breeders of this country—North and South—we can safely say that few farms are as beautifully situated and well adapted for the purpose indicated as the one in question—located on the old Franklin pike, covering some 500 acres of commanding, rolling land, with rich bluegrass meadows and abundant flowing water and fine improvements, it at once strikes the visitor as a model establishment. Its proprietor, Mr. H. B. Holton, is a highly educated gentleman of means, with whom the raising and development of fine horseflesh is a labor of love. His modest and honorable ways, together with the character of his stock, have given him an enviable reputation here and elsewhere, for his young Blossoms find homes far and near.

We had taken an early drive in order to witness the morning exercises over the fine track which forms one of the features of Meadow View. To say that we were more than rewarded scarcely expresses the delight and satisfaction we experienced at seeing Orange Blossom make his mile in 2:22½, clearly showing that his record of 2:26½, made at Hartford, after which he was withdrawn for the stud, is no real index of his speed. If there be anything in elegance of conformation, docility of nature, honesty of character, perfect trotting gait, kindness, and a beautiful, elastic disposition, then Orange Blossom is a treasure. He strikes one at the first glance as rather a small horse, but his lofty crest, imperial bearing and magnificent style of going give him the appearance of the very monarch of the road and track. No unprejudiced horseman can examine the little army of Blossom's get without being convinced of his unerring certainty of transmitting to his offspring his own grand characteristics—that perfect, free, open, honest, fast trotting gait, as also his markedly amiable temperament. All his colts and fillies, whether from the finished and blooded thoroughbred running mare or the ordinary "nag," clearly prove his prepotency as a trotting sire. Pamelia, a chestnut four-year-old mare, was sired by Blossom, dam Mrs. Miller, by Rossman Horse, and is a marvel of speed. She is of fine size, has grand limbs, feet and body, and is gaited to the "Queen's choicest taste." Another very noticeable one of the product of Blossom is a three-year-old grey filly, dam by Prince Moscow. This animal is very rangy, nearly sixteen hands high, and has the speed of a "big one." Both these splendid specimens are entered for the coming meeting of the National Breeders' Association, at New York, where Meadow Chief, by Hamlet, a grand stallion of most extraordinary substance, belonging to this farm, will also compete. The handsomest animal of all at Meadow View is a three-year-old stallion by Blossom, dam by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. This little beauty showed a '40 gait, with his own free will and choice, as it were. But why continue the list? There are many others, all presenting strong points, and remarkable for the possession of the traits of disposition so prominently exhibited in the animals specially referred to above. The evidences of kindness and intelligence are everywhere manifest. Mr. Holton himself is a gentleman driver of the highest order and character.

HUMOROUS.

The giraffe is not a large eater. A little goes a great way with him.

Adam is the patron saint of the Western pork raisers, because he had the first spare rib.

What is that which, if you divide into two parts, you have only one-quarter remaining. Did we hear you murmur fifty cents?—*Yonker's Statesman.*

Red hair is now supposed to be the result of corrosion. Be careful and dry your hair thoroughly after going in swimming or it will grow rusty.

When the telegraph wires are put under ground, small boys will be obliged to dig and dirt themselves before they can fasten their kite-tails to the wires.—*Picayune.*

Two thousand doctors propose to meet together and discuss medical subjects! The benefits that will result from this cannot be estimated. While the doctors are in convention everybody will get well.—*Boston Globe.*

An old man-of-war sailor, who had lost a leg in the service of his country, became a retailer of peanuts. He said he was obliged to be a retailer because, having lost a leg, he could not be a whole sailor.—*Somerville Journal.*

"Come, now, guess what my favorite flower is?" said the spinster housekeeper to the widower's little boy, as they were walking in the fields together. He was a lad who kept his wits about him and his eyes open, so he answered as he looked up with an arch expression, "Poppy."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A young mother in despair of ever teaching her little girl, aged four, her letters, and thinking that the child knew more than she would admit, said: "Now, Katie, I won't try to teach you to-day. You shall be mother and teach me my letters." "May I really and truly be mother?" said Katie. "Yes, my darling." "Let us begin, then," was the response. "You have been a very good child, to-day, and you may have a whole holiday," and Katie shut up the book and ran off laughing.

How to make beefsteak tender: The best and most thoroughly certain way to make beef tender is to stand in with the boy who drives the butcher's wagon. I discovered this while living next door to a millionaire who dealt with the meat man that supplied me. The boy driving the wagon was corruptible, like the steaks he served, and fifteen cents or so would transfer the tenderness of the millionaire's forty cents a pound porterhouse to my bundle of eight-cent round. Then I would whet my appetite listening to the millionaire's hired girl walloping the other cut with rolling-pins, etc., as advised by Mrs. Leslie. By changing butchers as often as the millionaire did I secured tender beef until my lease expired. Two weeks before this, however, the millionaire died with lockjaw, induced, the doctors said, by attempts to chew tough meat.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

How a Murderer was Discovered.

A letter dated Post Boy, Ohio, to the Cleveland *Leader* says: This little station on the Cleveland and Marietta railroad, just three miles south of Newcomerstown, is located on the spot where a bloody murder was committed over half a century ago, and, in fact, it takes its name from the occupation of the murdered victim, he being a "post boy" or mail carrier. The circumstances of this tragedy may be of interest to the readers of the *Leader* from the fact that the perpetrator of the crime was the first and only man who ever paid the death penalty within the limits of Tuscarawas county.

William Cartwell, a young man about eighteen years old, carried the United States mail on horseback from Coshocton to West Chester, and traveled what is now known as the old Cadiz road. On the ninth day of September, 1825, he was shot by a highwayman, who pillaged the mail bag and made his escape. A man named Johnson, who was hunting in the vicinity, heard the report of the rifle, and on repairing to the spot was horrified on discovering the lifeless remains of young Cartwell lying by the roadside. He raised the alarm and aroused the whole neighborhood, which was soon laboring under the most intense excitement. In their mad frenzy the neighbors accused Johnson of the crime, and he was arrested and confined in the jail at New-Philadelphia. Johnson protested his innocence, and told the sheriff that, as soon as he emerged from the wood soon after hearing the shot, he caught a glimpse of the murderer as he made his escape, and he averred his ability to detect him in a crowd, be it ever so large. Accordingly the whole male population of the county was requested to report at the jail in New-Philadelphia on a certain day, and there be examined by Johnson, in order, if possible, to detect the guilty party. About three hundred responded to the request on the appointed day, and by some strange infatuation the guilty man appeared among them, probably curious to know the result, little dreaming of the danger. The men were arranged in two files facing each other, and Johnson passed between the ranks, carefully scrutinizing every feature that met his gaze. All at once he stopped suddenly and seemed rooted to the spot. He fixed his eyes on a man named John Funston, and, in thunder tones, yelled out: "That is the man!" "You are a liar," was Funston's response, but all eyes were at once fixed on him and he soon showed unmistakable evidence of the guilt. He was tried and convicted, after which he made a full confession. He was sentenced to die and was hanged on December 30, 1825. The execution was public, and a crowd of curious people, to the number of 5,000, witnessed the hanging.

Dr. Newton, the New Jersey state inspector of milk, says more impure milk is sold at Ocean Grove and Asbury Park than at any other places in the state. He believes that many children have lost their lives there simply on account of the impurity of the milk.

There is an immense grape vine at Cajon, Cal., which has enveloped two sturdy oak trees with its branches. It is bearing five tons of grapes, and the weight has crushed to the ground one of the trees.

(Wilmington, (Del.) Daily Republican.)

Mrs. Adam Grubb, 231 Walnut street, has been a great sufferer for a number of years from extreme pain in the feet, something like rheumatism. She was also very much troubled with corns and bunions. It was with great difficulty that she could walk, and sometimes when she would visit her husband's shoe store or any of her children, she could not get home again without assistance, and often when she was walking along the streets she would be seized with such acute pain that she was compelled to stop in at the neighbors on the way until she got better. Some two weeks ago she heard of the wonderful cures St Jacobs Oil was effecting and she at once commenced to use it and experienced great relief immediately. The pains have left her feet and ankles and the inflammation has left the corns and bunions. She is now tripping up to her husband's shoe store and out to see her children without experiencing any pain.

The Rev. Jesse Way, of Wabash, Indiana, eloped with his daughter-in-law. That's Jesse Way the black sheep bring discredit upon the whole theological flock.

(Cambridgeport, (Mass.) American Protestant.)

A lady friend of ours called the other day and stated that her husband had seen St. Jacobs Oil advertised in our paper; he used it for rheumatism and was convinced of its merits.

Since the assassination an Eastern manufacturer is experimenting on a bullet-proof liver pad.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Feb. 2, 1880.

I know Hop Bitters will bear recommendation honestly. All who use them confer upon them the highest encomiums, and give them credit for making cures—all the proprietors claim for them. I have kept them since they were first offered to the public. They took high rank from the first, and maintained it, and are more called for than all others combined. So long as they keep up their high reputation for purity and usefulness, I shall continue to recommend them—something I have never before done with any other patent medicine. J. J. BABCOCK, M. D.

Three different Arkansas men have lately died while standing up. Even the fashion of dying changes.

VEGETINE.—This preparation is scientifically and chemically combined, and so strongly concentrated from roots, herbs and barks, that its good effects are realized immediately after commencing to take it.

Jokes on contribution boxes are worse off than the boxes themselves, which are never entirely empty.

Flies and Mosquitoes.

15c. box "Rough on Rats" keeps a house free from flies, bed-bugs, roaches, rats, mice, &c.

In April Last;

twenty-four members of Arlington's minstrels were taking Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. It made them happy.

CARBOLINE, a natural hair restorer and dressing, as now improved and perfected, is pronounced by competent authorities to be the best article ever invented to restore the vitality of youth to diseased and faded hair. Try it.

PURE COD LIVER OIL made from selected livers, on the seashore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in the market.

Any railroad train can beat Maud S., and the fare is only three cents per mile.

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Purifies the Blood, Renovates and Invigorates the Whole System.

ITS MEDICINAL PROPERTIES ARE

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VEGETINE is made exclusively from the juices of carefully selected barks, roots and herbs, and so strongly concentrated that it will effectually eradicate from the system every taint of **Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor, Tumors, Cancer, Cancerous Humor, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Syphilitic Diseases, Canker, Faintness at the Stomach,** and all diseases that **arise** from impure blood. **Sciatica, Inflammatory** and **Chronic Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout** and **Spinal Complaints,** can only be effectually cured through the blood.

For **Ulcers** and **Eruptive Diseases** of the **Skin, Pustules, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Tetter, Scaldhead** and **Ringworm,** VEGETINE has never failed to effect a permanent cure.

For **Pains in the Back, Kidney Complaints, Dropsy, Female Weakness, Leucorrhœa,** arising from internal ulceration, and uterine diseases and **General Debility,** VEGETINE acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. It invigorates and strengthens the whole system, acts upon the secretive organs, allays inflammation, cures ulceration and regulates the bowels.

For **Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Headache, Piles, Nervousness,** and **General Prostration of the Nervous System,** no medicine has ever given such perfect satisfaction as the VEGETINE. It purifies the blood, cleanses all of the organs, and possesses a controlling power over the nervous system.

The remarkable cures effected by VEGETINE have induced many physicians and apothecaries whom we know, to prescribe and use it in their own families.

In fact, VEGETINE is the best remedy yet discovered for the above diseases, and is the only reliable **BLOOD PURIFIER** yet placed before the public.

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